TRY IT WHEN YOU'RE TIRED
You will find it wonderfully refreshing
LIPTON'S
TEA
It sustains and cheers

TEARS ARE OUT OF STYLE.

Emotion Must Now be Expressed in a More Subtle Way.

One of the most conspicuous features of modern life is the change in the expression of emotion. There seems to be no doubt that the time will come when all the crude methods—the tears, the downcast eyes, the outbursts of passionate anger, the broken voice—will disappear entirely.

Though women are still inclined to cling to the old methods, men have already learned to express feeling more subtly. Something of the progress can be judged from a comparison between the present day and, say, the sixteenth century.

We know, for example, that Henry VIII. constantly burst into tears; that when the Duke of Anjou was being pressed to marry Elizabeth he "retired to his cabinet and bestowed half a day in shedding tears"; that when the funeral sermon was being preached on the Regent Murray of Scotland "there was not a man in all that iron crowd but was in tears," and that when James I. was angry he "wept like a fresh-beaten babe." If kings and princes could show their feelings so crudely, it is quite certain that the people had no more subtlety.

What a change to-day! Emotion must be subtle now or nothing. Women may still weep a little, but men must do nothing more obvious than light a cigarette or go out for a game of golf. In the old days a man in tears was an ordinary thing, but now he is looked at askance, and blamed, as an actor is blamed for forgetting his part.

Watch a man at a theatre when a woman on the stage bursts into tears. He is uncomfortable, and looks away—not because he resents so clumsy an expression of feeling. He wants to have his emotions touched, but these tears and these sobs do nothing for him. Even the gallery feels more inclined to laugh than to weep in sympathy. But everyone knows how a subtle suggestion of grief by a clever actress will give the whole audience a lump in the throat.

Novels, too, are no longer wet with the tears of their heroines. Authors recognize that the old symptoms of emotion are no use. Their heroine must be dry-eyed and bewildering. She must not show her feelings in the old obvious, elementary way. She must not blush. She must not swoon. Above all, she must not burst into tears.

SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

Students Boss the Teachers and Study as They Please.

Some years have elapsed since the Manchu Government announced a programme of educational reform for China, having for its object the introduction of a national system of education approximating as closely as possible to that adopted by the western nations. This programme has made some headway, but has not yet been carried out in its entirety, and its ultimate success must remain doubtful until a genuine attempt is made to introduce and enforce strict discipline in all state schools and colleges. The laxity of the present cannot be better described than in the words of a Chinese professor who, in the course of an address to the students of Foochow College, in October, 1910, said:—

"The lawless idea of liberty was encouraged under the management of directors who themselves have never had discipline. The students found the best place to experiment in regard to equality of which they had learned in Japanese books, was either with their parents at home or with their teachers at school. While in school the teachers are considered by the students to be their equals, if not inferiors; for, in fact, they have often been styled public servants. Cases of friction between the teachers and the students, ending in strikes on the part of the latter, are very often reported in the newspapers. With the unions formed in schools the students become absolutely lawless. The positions of the teachers as well as those of the directors lie in the hands of the students, who, in fact, form the moving spirit of the whole institution. With the presumptuous power acquired from the union which they have formed, the students, through the medium of the directors (the president of the college), instruct the teachers on the best methods of teaching and formulating examination questions."

The fools are not all dead, in fact, lots of them haven't been born yet.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH
10 CTS
Gives a Quick, Brilliant Polish That Lasts
No Turpentine
Easier to Use Better for the Shoes

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Evelyn sprung from the sofa and stood before him with clasped hands and burning eyes, her face as marble white as it would ever be in her tomb.

"Am I mad or—or dreaming, Percy? Are my senses playing me false, or are you telling me you have learned to love some one else?" she gasped hoarsely.

"It is so, Evelyn," he admitted, frankly. "You will never know how I struggled against that love with all my heart and soul, for I knew I was pledged to you; yet I was powerless to thrust from my heart the new love that had crept into it. Pray forgive me for causing you one heart-pang, yet I must tell you—I love another as dearly as you love me."

"Yet all this time, as my betrothed lover, I have trusted and believed in you—worshipped you as the very soul of honor," cried Evelyn, with the harshest laugh that ever fell from human lips—a laugh that made the blood run cold in his veins as he heard it.

A distressed look broke over his handsome face.

"I have been more honorable than some men would have been in such a case," he answered.

She sunk down on the velvet hassock at his feet, forgetting, all in a moment, the haughty St. Claire pride, thinking only of her mighty love, and that he had come to her, asking to be released from the promises which bound him to her.

"You must put this new love out of your heart," she cried; "thrust her out of your thoughts—learn to forget her."

"My dear Evelyn," he answered huskily, "if I could but persuade you to believe that my heart is irretrievably lost—it is too late. Be reasonable, Evelyn."

"Who is this girl to whom you have given the heart that is pledged to me?" she cried shrilly. "Tell me who she is, where you met her, and how you came to love her—keep nothing back. I must know all."

He looked at her with grave wonder, flushing a little under the scathing light of her blue eyes.

"It is certainly your right to know all, Evelyn," he said with gentle dignity, continuing slowly, "the young girl to whom my heart has gone out is the little creature whom I rescued from death in Central Park a little more than a fortnight ago."

Evelyn St. Claire recoiled with a terrible cry; her blonde face grew livid in spots; she tried to speak; but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth; the world seemed to reel and grow dark around her—all the horror of a lifetime was crowded into that moment.

"Repeat it, Percy!" she cried shrilly. "I cannot believe that I have heard aright. Ah, no, fate could never play me so horrible a trick as that!"

"It is quite true, Evelyn," he repeated; "that incident in the park seems to have changed the current of my whole life. As I caught the slender girlish figure in my arms from under the plunging hoofs of her maddened horses, I felt a strange sensation in my heart, a longing to hold her there through life. I could not see her face, for it was heavily veiled, yet I knew that it must be fair as an angel's. She spoke to me, and my heart thrilled with every word she uttered—"

"Go on, go ——!" cried Evelyn, "tell me all."

And there was something in her voice that compelled him to proceed.

"You remember Little Gay," he said huskily, "who left the village so suddenly and mysteriously, and whose sudden death caused such widespread sorrow. I never told you of it before, Evelyn, but I will tell you now. I loved Little Gay with all the passionate depths of my nature; she was more to me than the world knew. My heart went out to this young girl whom I met in the park because she was so like my beautiful love whom chill death had taken from me. Heaven forgive me, I cannot tell which one I love best, my dear Gay or my living love."

A great change had come over Evelyn St. Claire's pallid face, but he went on unheeding:

"She gave me her address—you remember I wrote you all about it at the time, Evelyn—Miss Remington, No. — Gramercy Park. ——.

"I could not rest night or day until I called there. I had written the young lady that I would be there, yet I did not find her at home. I was shown into the library, and was brought face to face with a portrait of Miss Remington, the banker's adopted daughter.

"Evelyn! for one moment I stood dazed, speechless. If it had not been for the golden hair that curled over the lovely white brow, I could have sworn that the original was my Little Gay, who was lying in her grave.

"I left the house a few moments after, but the face that smiled up at me from that canvas has haunted me ever since.

"I have struggled against the sweet temptation of thinking of her all in vain. I did not go to the house again. I made no attempt to see or communicate with her in any way. Now you know my story, Evelyn. She is the only girl whom I can ever love. If I cannot win her, it is my solemn wish to go unmarried to the grave. I would love you if I could, Evelyn, but, alas! I cannot. The heart goes where God wills it."

Again the mighty force of her pent-up love swept down the barriers of maidenly reserve and the St. Claire pride.

"You will love me in time, Percy," she cried huskily. "She could never love you as deeply as I do. Think what it is you ask when you wish me to give you up to another I could almost die for you; I love you so!"

He could not help feeling touched—so much love lavished upon him in vain.

He felt sorry and grieved for Evelyn, for her humiliation and her distress.

He had not dreamed she would take it so hard.

"Love like mine knows no reason," she panted hoarsely. "I ask you, Will you give her up and try to love me?"

"It would be a fruitless task," he answered sadly.

"Will you never care for me?" she cried, springing to her feet again, asking the question in a low, intense, breathless tone that might have warned him of coming danger.

"I can give you only the truest and warmest friendship. I cannot deceive you, or build your heart up on a false, delusive hope. I can never love you, my poor Evelyn."

He never forgot the face she turned toward him; it was distorted into a fiend's.

In her passion she tore his betrothal ring from her finger and stamped it beneath her —, crying out that that was the way he had stamped upon her heart.

"Evelyn!" he cried, in alarm, "in Heaven's name calm yourself. You distress me more than I can tell you."

For answer, she picked up the flashing diamond and flung it into his face.

"There is such a thing as love turning to hate in a single instant," she cried. "Your love would have made me an angel—taking it from me has made a fiend incarnate of me—but I shall take such a revenge upon you that you shall have cause to remember the name of Evelyn St. Claire—whom you have so bitterly wronged—to the last day of your life.

"I hate you now, even as passionately as I have loved you," she cried wildly. "I will torture your proud heart as you have tortured mine to-night, pain for pain, and your misery will be sweet to me."

"Evelyn!" he cried again, attempting to take her hand—but she snatched it from him, facing him with glittering eyes that fairly burned their way down to his very soul.

This was a side of her nature he had never dreamed of. He looked at her in wonder and alarm.

"Now, in the hour in which you have broken my heart, listen to my revenge for it," she went on recklessly. "You shall never woo and win the love of your heart. Do you hear me, Percy Granville? I have parted you from her—not once—but a second time."

He looked at her in astonishment, quite believing she had taken the matter so deeply to heart that it had turned her brain.

"Listen and I will tell you the truth," she went on mockingly. "You held the girl in your arms in the park—you looked upon her pictured face in the Remington drawing-room, yet no instinct warned you who the adopted daughter of the banker really was.

"You think I am going mad," she added scornfully, "but you will see a method in my madness that will quite shock you, I fancy. One philosopher tells us of the keen eyes and instincts of love, another tells us love is blind; you have proven the latter quite true. You were blind—you did not discover that Gaynell Esterbrook, your lost love, and the banker's adopted daughter were one and the same. Hear me out," she cried. "True love always finds its mate; yet, even despite every instinct of your heart which drew you irresistibly toward the girl, you failed to recognize her."

"Evelyn you must be mad," he said quietly, "quite mad, my poor girl, to have such hallucinations. Little Gay is in her grave."

His soothing tone exasperated her.

"So you have been duped into believing," she cried triumphantly. "I tell you Little Gay is alive; she and the banker's daughter are one and the same."

There was such an irresistible ring of truth in her voice, that the words to which he was compelled to listen in horror and dismay carried conviction to his heart.

He was so shocked, he could only stand there and listen while she briefly outlined a sketch of Gay's past. How Tromaine had, in truth, abducted her, of her escape from him, and her subsequent illness at Leighton Hall which caused the great change in her hair, which so disguised her appearance; how she had written to him, and she herself had answered the girl's letter, declaring if they ever met again it must be as strangers.

"Evelyn!" exclaimed Percy. "I dare not believe you. My Little Gay alive! oh, no, no, I cannot—I dare not credit such a story—you stagger me—unnerve me."

"A moment more and my vengeance will be complete," she answered shrilly. "You saw the girl at the masked ball dressed as the fairy queen. Again your heart was attracted toward her, but you did not know her. She recognized you, but the words of the letter she believed had come from your hand, kept her silent—she believed you loved me and had forgotten her."

He bounded to his feet with a terrible cry:

"Hold! hear me out," she cried:

"In a moment more she had explained how Gay happened to be adopted by the great banker. And she added to her story the beautiful lie that it was Gay who had bribed the keeper of the morgue to publish to the world the story of her death, when on passing through it she had beheld a poor girl lying there with a face fatally like her own.

Percy sprung to the door with a bound; but Evelyn St. Claire caught his arm in a steel-like clinch.

"Evelyn, do not hold me back," he cried hoarsely; "your words have driven me mad with joy. My Little Gay—alive—how shall I believe that such delight is in store for me? I must fly to her—I——"

"Stop!" commanded Evelyn St. Claire. "Listen to the sequel of my story. I have told you the truth, that it may torture you—I have saved this, as the last and sweetest morsel of my revenge; you are not to clasp my hated rival to your throbbing heart, giving her the love and kisses that I am thirsting for with a starved, yearning heart. Fly to the banker's home as quick as you can, and there you will learn that your charming Gay mysteriously disappeared from their roof over a fortnight ago.

"Search the world through—wear your heart out in a torment of agony and suspense; but you will never find her. You shall never know the true fate (and death itself would be sweeter in comparison) which has overtaken Little Gay."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A horrible cry broke from Percy's lips—awful to hear in its intense anguish—the veins stood out on his forehead like whipcords, and the perspiration rolled down his face in great heavy beads.

"Evelyn!" he cried, in a stern, hoarse voice. "Your words are terrible; I cannot believe that you have conspired so crubly to separate me from my love. If I thought so, I——"

She faced him defiantly, her beautiful face white as death, her steel-blue eyes blazing.

"You have wrecked my life, and I have paid you back pang for pang," she said slowly. "Every word I have told you is true. If I cannot have your love, my hated rival never shall. Take what revenge you will; it will not lessen what I have done; it will not restore your love to you."

The enraged beauty swept from the room with a mocking laugh, leaving Percy alone to face the awful shock her startling revelation had given him.

An hour later Percy was whirling as rapidly as steam could take him toward the city.

Men, women and children looked curiously at the handsome, haggard face of their fellow passenger, who paced restlessly up and down the length of the car in a fever of excitement words are weak to describe.

Various persons spoke to him; he neither heard nor saw them.

They were nothing to him—the whole world was nothing to him—his thoughts were concentrated upon one subject; are the day dawned he would know whether his darling Little Gay was living or dead; whether she and the banker's adopted daughter were one and the same—or not.

The train seemed to creep along between the moonlit hills and over the babbling streams to the impatient man whose heart was on fire with the keenest anxiety.

Although the hour was late when he reached the city, he drove at once to the banker's home, at Gramercy Park—sprung from the cab, fairly leaped up the marble steps, giving the bell a quick, imperative peal.

Two gentlemen stood in the vestibule in earnest conversation; one of whom opened the door at once, and Percy found himself standing face to face with Mr. Remington, the banker, and Mr. Lennox, the detective.

Percy's great delight at finding the detective, upon whom he had been intending to call as soon as he left the banker's home, standing before him, knew no bounds.

He never remembered in what words he told them his thrilling story, begging the banker to tell him at once if his lost bride, his Little Gay, still lived, and was known as his adopted daughter.

Mr. Remington, with deep agitation, assured him that he believed it was quite true; Little Gay had indeed come from Passaic, where she had at one time been employed in the cotton mill, and the name she had renounced to take his own—was Gaynell Esterbrook. It was news to him, however, great news, that Little Gay was Percy Granville's bride.

The pathetic story of how they had been separated at the very altar, and the cruel plot of Evelyn St. Claire to thrust them asunder, which had been carried out with such fiendish success, seemed more like a romance than a painful reality.

Percy raved around the room like one distracted when he found that the darling little bride who had been so miraculously restored to him from the dead, as it seemed, had in truth, as Evelyn St. Claire had asserted, mysteriously disappeared a fortnight previous.

He refused to be comforted; his poignant grief was terrible.

Then it all came out how the banker and his wife had gone to Passaic to bring Gay home, believing, from the note they had received, she had gone with Evelyn St. Claire to visit her, and their disappointment upon learning the heiress had not seen her and knew nothing of her whereabouts.

Immediately upon reaching the city the banker had sought the services of Mr. Lennox, the famous detective, and unfolded to him his story, begging him to trace the whereabouts of his adopted daughter. Little Gay, and he should be a rich man for life.

For the first time in his life the great detective betrayed the most intense excitement as he listened; for, as the narrator proceeded, he had made the thrilling discovery that Little Gay, the banker's adopted daughter, and the bride Percy Granville mourned as dead were one and the same, though he kept his own counsel, breathing never a word of the startling denouement.

The detective remembered the beautiful blonde whom he had first met in the newspaper office, and whom he had followed to the drug-store in the disguise of a ragged old man, begging work in the shape of shoe-cases to clean.

He had watched her quite unnoticed while she cajoled the impressible young clerk into letting her have the sulphuric drug, and had followed her from the store to the fashionable Remington mansion at Gramercy Park, where the strange adventure dropped; but now, as he listened to the banker's story, and asked for a description of the young lady friend who had left for the matinee with Gay on that fatal day, he realized that Gay's friend was the tall, beautiful blonde whom he had followed from the drug-store, with the deadly poison in her possession.

He quite believed that this girl was at the bottom of the whole affair. He went at the case after his own peculiar fashion.

He did not startle the beautiful blonde in her fancied security. He felt convinced that Gay had been decoyed to some place in the city and had been cleverly entrapped.

When he read of the approaching marriage of Percy Granville and this Miss St. Claire, the whole case was as plain as day to his keen, experienced eye. He intended to stop the ceremony at all hazards, but in the interim he had instituted a vigorous search for the missing girl; but it seemed as if all the evil powers were arrayed against him; for the first time in his life he failed to obtain the slightest clew. And at this stage of affairs Percy Granville had come upon the scene.

The case had been carried on with the utmost secrecy—not even the faintest rumor of Miss Remington's mysterious disappearance leaked out.

Experienced men were detailed to work up the case; every nook and cranny of the great metropolis, with its hidden crimes, was carefully explored—all in vain. If the earth had opened and swallowed little Gay, she could not have been more completely lost to the world.

Percy's grief was terrible to behold. To have his lost darling restored to him was indeed heart-rending. The poor fellow haunted the detective's private office like a shadow, begging them to inform him when they obtained the slightest clew.

"Oh, Gay, my love, if you had but come to me when Hazel died, how much misery might have been spared us both!"

How much blinder his eyes and brain had been than his heart at that masked ball at Leighton Hall. How true his heart had been when it claimed Gay for its own, despite the disguise that shrouded her identity, and it had been quite the same when fate cast her so strangely in his arms that day in the park. He remembered how tightly his arms had closed about her, and how the yearning longing that possessed him to press his lips to the sweet, tremulous mouth, the heavy veil but half revealed, almost overpowered him.

And to think that it was his own lost Gay!

He wondered that his heart had not broken when he had gazed, as he believed, on her sweet face in the coffin—the lovely face of his lost bride—that had held all the sunshine of his life.

He had been weeping his very heart out over her lonely grave, over which he had placed a marble shaft, which told the world that she was his. Yet all this time Gay had been alive; and, bitterest of all bitter thoughts, she had believed that he had ceased to love her; believing, too, that it was his wish, if they ever met again, that it would be as strangers.

He could scarcely refrain from cursing Evelyn St. Claire for the hand she had had in it, although he knew that it had been her great love for himself that had tempted her so desperately and fatally.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

Memories of Past Experience of the Individual.

In many cases where the incidents of a dream seem to be entirely unfamiliar it has been shown by careful investigation that they correspond to actually experienced events that have escaped the memory of the waking self. Delboeuf records an interesting example of this. In 1862 he dreamed that he found two lizards in the snow. He took them up, warmed them, and placed them in a hole in a wall, together with a small fern, which he knew they liked to eat. The name of the fern seemed in his dreams to be Asplenium ruta muralis. Later on in his dream he saw two other lizards come and eat the remains of the fern, and then a whole host of lizards coming to the wall in a long procession which covered the entire street. On waking he could not remember ever to have heard the name of the fern of his dream, although he discovered that a fern called Asplenium ruta muraria really existed. Sixteen years later, however, he happened to be turning over the pages of a friend's album of dried flowers, and to his surprise came across the very fern, with the Latin name written underneath in his own handwriting. He then remembered that in 1860, two years before the dream, he had met the sister of his friend, and to please her had written the Latin names under the various plants in her album at the dictation of a botanist.

Fifteen years after the dream he also discovered the source of the lizard procession in an old illustrated paper, dated 1861, which, as a regular subscriber, he must have seen. Innumerable cases of a similar nature are on record and go to show how remarkably heightened the memory may be in dreams. They also warn us not too rashly to believe that incidents in a dream which seem entirely new are really so.

A SAFE ANSWER.

"Can you lick Kelly?"
"Does he belave in arbitration?"
"He does."
"I kin."

Transferred.

He told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks.
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.

"SALADA"
A RICH, FRAGRANT
TEA
Ceylon's Choicest Leaf and Bud; the Finest the World Produces.
SEALED PACKETS ONLY.
Black, Green and Mixed.

HOME

Dainty Dishes.

Rice Croquettes.—Wash the rice, boil and strain it. Use one cup rice, one-half cup sweet milk, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon butter. Simmer gently in a saucepan over the fire, stirring until the rice has absorbed the milk. When slightly cooled flavor with one-half teaspoon of lemon or vanilla extract. Add the white of one egg (unbeaten); fry in hot grease, dropping in a spoonful at a time. Drain on cheesecloth and roll in pulverized sugar.

Tomato Bisque.—Make a tomato soup from two cups celery stock, two cups of cooked tomato, one teaspoon of sugar. Simmer an hour and run through a sieve. Cook together one tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons of flour. Add the strained tomato; simmer five minutes. Add one cup of sweet cream and a pinch of soda. Serve at once.

Lemon Jelly.—To one-third box gelatin add one cup cold water. Soak one hour. Add one cup hot water, one-half cup lemon juice, one teaspoon lemon extract, two cups sugar. Stir till dissolved. Set on ice till jellied and cold.

Scalloped Fish.—Cut fish in small pieces free from skin and bones. Use cold cooked fish. Chop cold boiled eggs and potatoes in alternate layers. Fill a buttered baking dish three-quarters full of this material, alternating fish, potato and egg. Cover with white sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and bake twenty or twenty-five minutes in moderate oven.

White Sauce.—Cook together and mix well one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon flour. Add one cup sweet cream, simmer five minutes and season.

Salads.

Onion and Tomato Salad.—Take half a dozen firm ripe tomatoes of medium size, wipe them with a wet towel and cut them into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Peel a medium sized onion (Spanish or Bermuda) and slice very thin. Arrange the sliced onion and tomato in layers in the salad bowl and pour over them a plain salad dressing made by mixing together one teacupful of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a half saltspoonful of pepper. Use this salad as soon as made. We should have said that young green onions may be used for this salad as well as the others.

Cold Meat and Potato Salad.—Cut a pound of cold cooked meat into thin slices and then into small squares, and mix with a pint of cold, chopped potatoes. Put a layer of this at the bottom of the salad bowl, cover with chopped parsley and salad dressing, put in another layer of the meat mixture and again the dressing, and continue till all the material is used. Place the bowl in the refrigerator for two hours or so, and the salad is ready for use.

Salad, Rouge et Blanc.—Take a close, firm red cabbage, trim off the outside leaves and cut into four pieces, wash in plenty of water, and drain. Break the leaves apart, remove the stalks and ribs and cut the rest into shreds. Now cut the heart and white sticks of two heads of celery into pieces and mix them with the cabbage in a salad bowl, garnish with young green tops of celery and serve with a dressing poured over all, prepared as follows; Beat one egg and fix in gradually a teaspoonful of salad oil, a tablespoonful of vinegar and a half teaspoonful each of sugar and dry mustard. Season with a little salt and serve.

Hints for the Home.

Potato balls which are salted in butter after being boiled are delicious. They should be served with a generous sprinkling of minced parsley.

To clean a frying pan after fish or onion, boil out the pan with soda water, washing clean; then put it on the fire and shake a little oatmeal in.

To stop a door hinge from creaking rub it with a lead pencil.

Tartaric acid removes almost any iron rust blemishes, and is an excellent article for removing yellow marks.

When gilt frames or molding of rooms have specks of dirt from flies and other causes upon them they may be cleaned with white of egg applied with a camel's hair brush.

Bran is much better to use for cleaning matting than soap and water. Tie the bran in a bag, dip the bag into clean warm water and rub the matting briskly with this; then wash it off with a cloth wrung out of warm salt water. This method freshens it up wonderfully.

Should the knob come off a pan or kettle, a screw can be slipped through the hole with the head inside the lid. Screw a cork onto the protruding end. This knob will not get hot and can be replaced.

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E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED.
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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

A little ammonia in a few spoonfuls of alcohol is excellent to sponge silk dresses that have grown "shiny" or rusty, as well as to take out spots. A silk, particularly a black, becomes almost like new when so sponged.

Silver spoons or forks may be cleaned and brightened by leaving for several hours in strong borax water; the water should be boiling hot when the silver is put in. Silverware which is frequently washed with ammonia water will need cleaning much less often and much work be saved.

Carpets if well sprinkled with salt and then wiped with cloth squeezed out of warm water containing a spoonful of spirits of turpentine to every quart will look bright and new and will not be troubled with moths and buffalo bugs.

Cranberries can be kept fresh for any length of time if placed in a jar of cold water and changing the water often.

When washing any garment made of silk add a teaspoonful of methylated spirit to the water and iron while damp. The silk will look just like new.

Coddled eggs are so good the recipe will bear being repeated. Fill a pitcher with boiling water, drop the egg into it and let it stand five minutes or more. The egg will be clear like jelly and extremely digestible.

Postage stamps carried in a purse or handbag will often be found stuck together. Never attempt to separate them by pulling them, but simply lay them flat and press with a hot iron. They will then separate quite easily.

To remove stains from silk, satin or any other material, soak in glycerine; then rub gently with a soft cloth. Rinse with warm water, cover with a dry cloth, and iron the wet portion until dry.

Dates stuffed with peanut butter and then rolled in sugar are a pleasing change from dates stuffed with nuts.

If a curtain pole or portiere is rubbed with hard soap before being put up the draperies will slip on easily.

Cheese may be kept soft and good for a long time if wrapped in a cloth wrung out in vinegar and then wrapped again in dry cloth.

Bread can be well toasted in a corn popper. For English afternoon tea there is nothing better than a fork with a handle about four feet long to hold over the embers of an open fire.

A wardrobe under the bed is a great comfort when bedroom space is limited. A neat box can be made to the space, and it should have handles and rollers.

In baking beans for a small family it is a good scheme to divide a batch so as to have several empty pound coffee cans. The cans can be kept in the refrigerator for a week and heated when desired.

TUBERCULOSIS IN CATTLE.

An Expert Says It is the Most Common Disease of Cattle.

In a paper read before the British National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, Dr. Sheridan Delepine emphasized the need of a systematic inspection of dairy cattle. He said he believed that infection from cattle caused fully a quarter of the cases of tuberculosis among children under five years of age. The Lancet, which prints extracts from Doctor Delepine's paper, also quotes a recent report of the veterinary surgeon of the city of Glasgow, who said that tuberculosis was the most common disease that affected cattle. Out of 71,745 British cattle slaughtered, no less than 8,932, or more than twelve per cent, proved to be tuberculous. The prevalence of tuberculosis in milch-cattle is further shown by the fact that the veterinary surgeon rejected no less than forty out of ninety-eight cows that, he tested with tuberculin before admitting them to the herds that supply milk to the fever hospitals. "An alarming proportion," says the report, "when we consider that these were all good-looking beasts that had received the critical attention of the dairy owner beforehand, in the full knowledge that they were to be tested."

Whole Hymn on Her Arm.

Some time ago a young woman entered a well-known London (England) hospital, and the nurses discovered that the upper part of the right arm was entirely occupied with a pictorial representation of "The Rock of Ages," while on the lower part of the arm was the scene of the Crucifixion.

When women vote and the election doesn't go to suit him a man can blame it on his wife.

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?" "You bet! I bought the houses on either side of us at half their value."

A WOMAN'S SELF-CONTROL.
How She Kept Her Head Under Trying Circumstances.
An English woman travelling through Ceylon describes in the London Telegraph a startling experience that befell her in the express at a dinner. Trincomalee. The engine was excellent, the train was about half over the time was arriving my hostess to place a dish-skin near my chair. At this I spoke as usual in a if ordinary order, I felt at once the train was a state of the room, for the moment it was impossible to move. Were the temperature of the dog for her assistance.

LEMON CURE FOR CORNS.
Italian Find This Remedy Never Fails.
Hundreds have suffered with corns ever since childhood, and have tried every patent corn cure that they have heard of, but there is no need of any one who will read this being troubled with corns. A few shots lemon juice will do the work more effectually than any other. The reason of this fact is that the lemon juice dissolves the corn while the other remedies only harden the corn. Apply a little lemon juice at night, when it will sink into the corn and remove it. The corn will disappear, and the old offender will trouble you no more. In most cases one application will be sufficient. In a few cases where the corn has been a bad one it may require two applications. The acid in the lemon juice reduces the inflammation of the tissues, and the corn becomes normal. The remedy is safe, cheap and effectual. Any druggist will get a lemon for you, and every one who uses it will be cured of corns. No more suffering with corns.

To Improve Hanging.
Sugar water will improve the hanging of new and hard brooms, and hot water will improve old brooms. Let the brush part of the broom stand in the hot water for a time, and then shake and hang up to drain and dry.

Seed Corn
On the ear or shelled. Longfellow, Early Champion, Golden Dent, Pride of the North, Compton's Early, Wisconsin No. 7, Leaming, Yellow Dent, Reid's Yellow Dent, Hickory King, Boone County White, Learning, Silver Mine, Yellow Dent, Golden Glow, Golden Beauty, Golden Nugget, Golden Eagle, Golden Dent, Golden Queen, Golden Star, Golden Sun, Golden Wonder, Golden Yellow, Golden Zephyr, Golden Zephyr, Golden Zephyr